

# The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME V.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1909.

NUMBER 22

## MR. J. S. SMITH PASSES AWAY

One of Washington County's Old-  
est and Best Known Citizens  
Died Last Sunday.

### BURIED AT ST. ROSE TUESDAY.

Another of Washington county's old and well known citizens passed away Sunday when death claimed Mr. James S. Smith. He had been in his usual health until a few days ago, when he suffered a severe attack of what at the time was thought to be acute indigestion, but which proved to be congestion of the stomach. Mr. Smith was taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. John W. Kelly, where he died Sunday evening at six o'clock.

Mr. Smith was born at Bardstown, Ky., November 21, 1833. On October 23, 1860, he was married to Miss Theresa Ann Mudd, who died in 1866. About this time Mr. Smith moved to this county, where he has since made his home. Although an old man Mr. Smith retained the vigor of his earlier manhood, and until a few years prior to his death engaged actively in his business. For several years he made his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Kelly.

Mr. Smith is survived by two daughters, Mrs. John W. Kelly, of this place, and Mrs. Will Hill, of Walnut, Kansas. Also by three brothers and three sisters.

The funeral services were conducted at St. Rose yesterday morning and the remains interred in the St. Rose cemetery.

### Crop Conditions on May 1.

Frankfort, Ky., May 3.—Commissioner of Agriculture M. C. Rankin gave out the department's report on crop conditions in Kentucky on May 1. It says:

Much rain has fallen during the past month, causing much damage in many sections of the State.

Wheat is generally in very poor condition for the time of year, but with good growing weather we may expect a fairly good crop.

Hemp looks well and promises a large crop. Some large growers are planting a larger crop than ever before.

Fruit has been damaged in some localities, especially peaches, plums and cherries, but there is a good prospect for a large crop of apples.

The prospect for the oats crop is better than this time last year.

An unusually large crop of tobacco is promised exceeding almost all records, especially in this so in regard to Burley tobacco. About an average crop of dark tobacco will be planted. Tobacco plants are not as far advanced as they should be on account of so much cool weather.

Live stock is in fairly good condition and a decrease of cattle and hogs are shown on account of high prices of feed. An increase of sheep is shown in many counties of the State.

A large corn crop will be planted due in a large measure to the farmer using pure bred seed corn.

There is a small acreage of rye and barley grown in the State and both are looking fairly good.

Clover is in poor condition. Alfalfa looks well and the acreage is being increased throughout the entire State.

### Terrible Accident.

Post: John K. Phelps, son of the late Attorney Zach Phelps, and one of Louisville's best known young business men, was instantly killed and three others injured at 1:30 o'clock this morning in an automobile accident.

The injured are: G. Benjamin McMillan, twenty-eight years of age, a clerk for the Southeastern Mississippi Valley railroad, residing at 621 East Broadway. Bruises about left side and cut over left eye. Injuries not serious.

Thomas Hart, forty-two years of age, widower; proprietor of saloon at 503 Baxter avenue; right leg broken, con-

tusions about head and back. Injuries not serious.

Joseph Rose, nineteen years of age, chauffeur, lives at 2546 Bank street; bruised about head. Injuries slight. The automobile containing the five men who were enjoying the excitement of a night ride through the streets crashed into a telegraph pole at Baxter and Jefferson streets. In an instant one man was killed and three were stretched gleefully and unconscious on the street. The man at the wheel, who in some miraculous way escaped injury, rushed panic-stricken from the scene of death and disaster. The automobile was smashed and twisted out of semblance to a machine. The telegraph pole was snapped off as if it had been a reed.

When the people in the neighborhood, who had heard the noise of the machine as it rode down Baxter avenue toward Jefferson and the terrific crash as it struck the pole, rushed into the street, Phelps was lying dead on the sidewalk. The other men, covered with dirt and dust, lay in the street, some groaning, others unconscious.

The machine belonged to Mr. Attila Cox, Jr., by whom Rose was employed as chauffeur. Rose had taken the machine out surreptitiously and was entertaining himself by driving through the city with his friends.

## FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Of The Marriage of Mr. and Mrs.  
J. R. Claybrooke Will be Celebrated by Their Children  
Tomorrow.

Tomorrow will be the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Claybrooke and all of their children, with the possible exception of Herbert, who lives in Alabama, are going to gather at the old homestead to celebrate this felicitous event and do honor to the parents. Each member of the family will take dinner along as the reunion is intended as a happy surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Claybrooke.

The Claybrooke family, aside from being one of the best and most highly respected in the county, is also one of the most remarkable. Mr. and Mrs. Claybrooke are the progenitors of twelve children, the oldest being 38 years of age and the youngest 14. All of the children are living and are enjoying the best of health. Most of the children are married and all of them are of such high character as to make them an ornament and an aid to society. While the reunion will be a family affair, a host of friends will join with the Claybrooke family in wishing them a happy day and many such reunions.

### Obituary.

God has again shown us that this is not our abiding home. On Wednesday morning, April 28th, the spirit of Mr. Ray Hahn winged its way to that Celestial City to abide with mother, father and friends who have gone before. The deceased was thirty years of age and a devoted member of the Baptist church at Fairview, Ky., having united with that church at an early age. He was a patient sufferer of that fatal disease, consumption. All that loving hands and skillful physicians could do were in vain. And realizing that all human skill was a failure, he gave himself up to the Supreme Being and died perfectly happy in his love.

After a short discourse by Rev. J. A. Sims the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at Fairview the following day.

Death our dearest ties can sever, Take our loved ones from our side, Bear them from our homes forever, O'er the dark cold river's tide. In that happy land we'll meet them, With those loved and gone before, And again with joy we'll greet them, There where parting is no more.

A FRIEND.

### Ice Cream Factory.

We have opened an ice cream factory in Bardstown, Ky., and we can supply the trade in Washington County with the purest ice cream for \$1.00 a gallon. We can also furnish you good cream at 75c and 50c a gallon. Special attention given to all kinds of entertainments. All orders promptly filled.

A. DATTILO & Co.  
Phone 251 GUS DATTILO, Mgr.

## SPICY ITEMS

A Little Sense and Nonsense Taken From The  
Editorial Columns of The Press at Large.

Some men grow under responsibility and others merely swell.—Kentucky Red Man.

"Curry-Comb" was the caption over a New York wedding notice. Git up, Bill.—Western Publisher.

Some one remarked the other day that the Elizabethtown girls wore hair. Rats!—Elizabethtown News.

The Payne tariff bill puts the stockings up higher and there is much feeling.—Glasgow Times.

She was in bed still sweetly slumbering. Her alarm clock rang in loud strain. The hello girl yawned and answered. "The line is busy—ring again."

Fig leaves are still untaxed and Texas is the greatest fig leaf producer the world ever saw.—Houston Post.

There is no earthly hope for a young man who sits around and waits for an engraved invitation to kiss a girl.—Richmond Climax.

A popular sign for dry goods stores: "Buy your stockings and gloves NOW; the Payne bill will get you if you don't watch out."—Bryan's Commoner.

It is believed that voting will never become popular among the women so long as elections are held Tuesday; that is ironing day.—Hodgenville Herald.

The women are kicking stoutly over the proposed tariff on stockings, claiming that they are high enough already. We are from Missouri.—Hopkinsville New Era.

Discourtesy is a weapon with which we often carelessly wound or kill love that is very dear to us. We can not habitually speak crossly or rudely to one without losing in a great measure their high respect and love for us.—Metropolitan.

The Pittsburg preacher who explained that, his request, to the women of his congregation to remove their hats did not apply to "elderly ladies" is either a born diplomat or a wise man who takes his wife's advice.—Louisville Times.

## ..Bits of Local Round-Up..

### Won Honors.

Mr. John A. Polin, who graduated in Law last week at the University of Louisville, was one of the honor men of his class. Mr. Polin won the Fairleigh Prize, a set of Austin on "Jurisprudence" and was salutatorian of his class. A portion of the salutatory address is published in the Louisville papers of Saturday and is an oration of which older and more experienced speakers might well feel proud.

Mr. Polin has been admitted to the practice of law having passed the examination at LaGrange, but has not definitely determined as to where he will locate.

### McElroy—Buzby.

Mrs. R. Y. McElroy, of Lebanon, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Rebecca, to Mr. Nathan W. Buzby, of Philadelphia, the wedding to take place in the early fall. Miss McElroy is well-known here, where she has frequently visited her sister, Mrs. I. H. Thurman.

### Uncle Sam's Recipe.

The "whitewash season" is approaching and a recipe to make whitewash that will not crumble off may be of use to some one who reads this. It is the

"After all," said the Senator, "the Ten Commandments constitute the greatest, and most intelligent set of laws ever laid down." "Yes, because they were given direct to the people without being amended by the Senate," quickly responded the Representative.—Washington Star

The wedding of Miss Danny Rainy to Mr. Horace Hail in St. Louis the other day had the following lines appended: Her Rainy days are over now, And should a storm prevail There will be hope beams on her brow And sunshine with her hair.

Barbarism has no horrors so horrible as the bestial squalor and sheer misery of civilized poverty. Poverty is a great evil in any state, but the world has not known any poverty so foul, so brutal and so utterly loathsome as the poverty of the city slum, the sweating den, the pawnshop and the gin palace.—London Chronicle.

We see a man walk through the door of a show, where great throngs are blocked by the sign "S. R. O." "Is this man the star that no ticket he buys?" Star nothing—he's one of these newspaper guys. And some day we'll pass by the Great Gates of Gold and see a man pass through unquestioned and bold. "A saint?" we'll ask and old Peter will reply: "No, he carries a pass—he is a newspaper guy."—Ex.

In a Georgia town the Baptist and Methodist churches are quite near each other. A gentleman tells us that on a recent visit there he was walking along the street between the two churches when the Baptist choir in song was asking at Sunday night services:

"Will there be any stars in my crown. When at evening the sun goeth down?"

And he said to himself "What do you know about that?" when he heard the loud chorus ringing at the Methodist church—

"No, not one—no, not one."

Hope is the mainspring of intellectual activity. It is measuring the distance to the stars and conquering the relentless waves of the old ocean. Hope! Hope to be great; hope to be good; hope for others and hope for ourselves is bringing the forces of nature at our feet and making them our servants.—Mayfield Mirror.

formula used by Uncle Sam at the various government works. Ten parts freshly slacked lime and one part hydraulic cement. Mix well with salt water and apply thin.

### Birthday Dinner.

A surprise birthday dinner was given to Mrs. Diellen Wilkerson, in honor of her 65th birthday, on May 1. Those present were Mr. James Donely, wife and daughter Jodie; Mr. Ed Lawrence, wife and two sons, Frank and Edgar; and two daughters, Bertie and Sallie Ann; Mr. John Wilkerson, wife and two little daughters, Katie Lue and Rose Edna; Mr. Richard Wilkerson and wife, and Miss Mattie Wilkerson.

A Friend.

### May Services.

A large crowd attended the annual May services, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, held at St. Rose church last Sunday. Aside from the large St. Rose congregation, there were hundreds of visitors from other parts of Washington and adjoining counties. The services were very impressive and the music arranged especially for the occasion, under the direction of Miss Katie Cain, was beautiful and greatly enjoyed by the immense congregation.

Try Kentucky Star Flour. "So good."

### Painful Accident.

Word has been received here of quite a painful accident sustained by Mr. Palmer McElroy at his home at Packard, Ky., last week. Mr. McElroy being invigorated by the spring weather had gone out for a game of ball and while at play jumped and struck a stick, which twisted with him and upon examination it was discovered that his leg was broken at the ankle. Mr. McElroy was at once taken to the office of a physician, where the injured limb was dressed and put in a plaster paris cast. Palmer's many friends in Springfield will be grieved to hear of his misfortune and wish him a speedy recovery.

### Death of Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Mrs. W. H. Smith died last Friday morning at the home of her husband, W. H. Smith, in the St. Rose neighborhood. Mrs. Smith died of tuberculosis, and death came as a relief after many months of suffering from this dread malady. Before marriage Mrs. Smith was a Miss Scott. She is survived by her husband and five children.

The funeral services were conducted at St. Rose Saturday morning and the remains interred in St. Rose cemetery.

### Death of Mrs. Thos. Buckman.

The remains of Mrs. Thos. Buckman, who died last week in Jeffersonville, Ind., of tuberculosis, were brought here last Friday and interred in St. Dominic's cemetery. Mrs. Buckman was a native of Jeffersonville, having been a Miss Conner before her marriage to Mr. Buckman, who is a native of this county and a son of Mr. John Buckman. Besides the husband seven children survive Mrs. Buckman.

## SEVERE STORM

Visits This County and Carries  
Destruction With It.—No Lives  
Lost, But Property Loss  
Is Considerable.

Springfield and Washington county in general were visited by the most severe storm of recent years last Thursday night between 10 and 11 o'clock. The wind blew at the rate of 50 miles an hour and left destruction in its wake. No one in the county was killed or injured and no stock has been reported killed. Numerous trees, however, were blown down or had their limbs blown off; fences were blown down and barns lifted from their foundations. Before the onslaught of the wind roofs were detached from buildings and numerous chimneys were toppled over. Quite a scare was caused at the Walton Hotel when a chimney was blown over, falling on the tin roof and producing a great noise. The hotel was crowded with guests, many of whom, in their haste to get out of danger, left for the exterior or for the first floor without going to the trouble of making a full toilet.

The old elm tree in front of the Clerk's Office, which has for years afforded shade and shelter, was blown down. It was planted in 1871 by Judge Sealeman and was one of the few elms which the bugs had not killed. The storm which visited here was more or less severe throughout the West, Northwest and South, many lives having been claimed by it and hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed.

### \$50,000 Tobacco Money.

Harrodsburg Herald: On Saturday Chairman Kyle received \$50,000, part payment for the independent 1907 tobacco, and has deposited it in the local banks. There are still 65 hogheads in the warehouse and orders for these are daily expected. Some of the small factories have been disappointed in getting the money to pay for their tobacco and this has caused a delay. Every effort is being made for an immediate delivery and a distribution on May 10. Arrangements have been made by the banks to advance the balance due on the 1906 crop, and this balance, amounting to about one cent a pound, will be distributed in a few days.

## COURT PROCEEDINGS

What Has Transpired During the  
Last Week In the Local  
Courts.

Judge Jas. R. Noe held his regular May court on Monday. The docket was not very heavy, there being only one issue. This was a suit of Arthur Moore against Murray Shields and N. M. Weekly to collect a balance on a note. Shields plead that there was no consideration for the note, while Weekly plead non est factum as to his alleged suretyship and laches as to proceeding against him as endorser. The court gave judgment against Shields and dismissed plaintiff's petition and defendant Shields' cross petition as to Weekly.

The examining trial of Jim Monk, alias Phillips, the Porttown negro, who Sunday before last shot two other negroes, was called by Judge Litsay last Saturday. The defendant waived examination and was held over to appear before the next grand jury, his bond being placed at \$150.

The court was then resolved into a court of inquiry to investigate certain bad conditions alleged to exist amongst the colored population of Porttown. Divers witnesses were examined and aside from an occasional breach of the peace none knew of any violations of the law. It was remarkable to hear what a limited knowledge they had of crap shooting and of dice generally, all save one swearing that they had never seen any crap shooting and that the only dice they had ever seen were in store windows. The grand jury may write the sequel to the story.

Nad McChord was tried last week in the Police Court on the charge of bringing whiskey into local option territory for the purpose of sale. It was shown that Nad had several gallons of booze on county court day, but different witnesses for the defense claimed different bottles so that but a gallon was left for Nad. Inasmuch as he swore that he drank a quart a day the jury decided that he would not sell any whiskey when having only a few days supply on hand.

### Successful Demonstration.

Katie Hertion and Bro. invited their friends and patrons to call on Saturday last and partake of some of the good things that they serve and sell at their attractive confectionery. H. J. Heinz & Co. had their demonstrator, Mr. G. L. Blewitt here to prepare their wares, The National Biscuit Company was represented by F. M. Dutton, while Miss Wilhelmina poured the excellent coffee brewed from the French Market Coffee of the New Orleans Coffee Co.

A number of friends and patrons called during the day and enjoyed the dainty edibles prepared and served by Miss Katie and her able assistants.

### Card of Thanks.

We want to thank our neighbors and friends of the Mooreville community for the kindness shown us during the recent illness and death of our wife and mother. J. B. Williams and Family.

### Burns To Death.

Harrodsburg, Ky., May 3.—In a fire which destroyed her home yesterday near Grapevine church, ten miles west of Harrodsburg, Miss Mattie Voorhees, aged about 50 years, was burned to death. Miss Voorhees was a recluse, refusing to live with any of her relatives or to let any of them have with her.

For many years she lived with two of her aunts, but after their death she had lived alone in a small log house. The fire was first discovered by a neighbor, who rushed over, but the roof was falling in when he reached the scene. He saw the woman lying near the fireplace, but was unable to rescue her.

Miss Voorhees was a victim of epilepsy, and it is presumed she fell in the fire and the flames were conveyed to the carpet and ignited the house. Only the bones of the unfortunate woman were recovered.





### Edwards' Skin Clothes

Young men's suits with plenty of grace and full of ginger—built in a way that grey-beards won't fancy and built in that fancy way because they're not meant for old folk. Wide-shouldered coats. Built-out chests and shapely waists. Full-pegged trousers with the new wide spring cuff at bottom. The shape that you find in 'em the first day will last to the last. It's permanent—tailored into the cloth—a matter of needle work—not pressing. They wear so much longer that they're by all odds the cheapest clothes when you divide the number of months through which they give satisfaction into the price you give for them.

**The Robertson-Claybrooke Co.**  
Incorporated

The Poultry Yard.

Suit for \$30,000.

A happy hen will make a happy master.

Do not overfeed the growing chicks, or they may become stunted.

Don't wait until young poultry begin to droop and die before looking for lice.

When you have set all the eggs you care to for the season, send the roosters to market. Their room is better than their company.

It is a waste of time and power—hen-power—to try to hatch eggs that have really become chilled by the hen leaving the nest.

If the nest is too flat, the eggs are sure to roll out from under the hen; and if too deep, the eggs will pile on top of each other and get broken.

The faithful hen will stay with her eggs until fairly eaten alive with mites. Do take time to give sitters attention; keep lice down, if something else must be neglected.

When a hard shower comes up the foolish young ducklings need attention. I have known them to stand up in the rain with heads up and mouths open until they drowned.

Hens have a way of settling disputes over a nest that often results in scrambled eggs. The hen that is given a setting of choice eggs should be set where there will be no trouble with other hens. When my fowls get the egg-eating habit, I find a dose of oyster shells to be the "eggs-act" remedy. Give them enough the first time to cause them to gorge themselves. This has cured some bad cases.

Did you ever watch a hen just after you had put some nice clean straw in the nest boxes? Hear her talk about it when she climbs in to lay her egg. She knows the difference and is happier than when the straw was dirty and had lice in it.

From May Farm Journal.

### MATERIAL FOR THE NIGHTGOWN.

Fine Variety of Flannelette is Both Pretty and Comfortable.

There is a fine variety of flannelette which is sheer and soft and can be used for making nightgowns by those who suffer with cold when sleeping in thin muslin.

It makes up prettily, especially in the tiny blue and white and pink and white designs. It is finished at the neck with a one-inch band of white muslin through which is run colored wash ribbon. The sleeves are slightly full and gathered in below the elbow to a band of muslin run through with ribbon.

It opens down the left front, the edge finished with a wide ruffle of muslin edged with narrow lace, and is fastened with small white pearl buttons.

Simple white muslin nightgowns are made after the same model and some of them are lined over the shoulders with colored china silk in the shape of a loose jacket edged with lace.

The wide turn-over collar, which was often worn on gowns of other days, has disappeared because it was uncomfortable while one was sleeping. The better finish for the neck is a band of insertion, beading or lace.

The neck should always be quite large and gathered into place with ribbon, wide or narrow. The former is much the prettier. When one is buying wash ribbon a deeper color should be chosen than one wants, for pink and blue, the only two colors used, will fade after the first washing. There is no question that pajamas for women are more popular each year. They are made on a much wider pattern than those for the men, are of china silk, striped and plain, of lawn, lace-trimmed and run with ribbon. In them a woman looks as though dressed for the part of Pierrot.

One of the most comfortable sleeves made in the ordinary nightgown is made in kimono shape, cut wide and square with the under-arm piece running to the waist. Those who wear it claim it does not tear like the regular sleeve because there is so much more room for the arm to swing around in.

It is cut off at the elbow, as there are few long sleeves worn in nightgowns except by invalids. Another one of these short sleeves, commonly seen now, is almost square, cut off well above the elbow and open up the back to the shoulder. At each edge are buttonholes back of a lace frill and through these is tied ribbon in large bows.

### WOOL SATIN COAT.



Wool-backed satin, extremely supple and light of weight, such as has been numbered among the liberty materials for several seasons past, is put forward among the autumn novelties as Egyptian satin. Being of double width and considerable width, this material is especially suited to coat and cape purposes. Such was the fabric employed in building the above coat. The color is gray and it is elaborately braided with black passementerie buttons.

### To Keep the Hat On.

One clever woman has discovered a way to keep her chin hat on. She has sewed on the usual elastic, in front of the ears and under the chin; and then she has placed a short piece of elastic on each side, back of the ear. This is fastened to the hat, and the other end is sewed to the front elastic about one inch below the ear, forming a V shape.

It secures the hat at the same time, something that is more valuable, the comfort of a little child, whose enjoyment can be so interfered with when the hat is perpetually in mind.

### Imitation Linen.

One of the new pieces of dress goods is of cotton suiting that imitates linen so exactly that only by feeling it can the difference be told. It has the advantage of not creasing or wrinkling as linen does, and it washes well.

## ..Tobacco History..

Some Facts About its Early Cultivation.

Under one or another of the forms in which it is used by the human family, tobacco is more widely spread than any other narcotic or stimulant and notwithstanding the controversies that have arisen over its first discovery America must gain the credit or bear the odium of having given it to the world, says the Boston Globe.

While it was introduced into Europe through Spain, the habit of smoking it was acquired and spread by the example of English gentlemen. Ralph Lane, the first Governor of Virginia colony, when he returned to England in 1586 carried with him the weed and the pipes and presented them to Sir Walter Raleigh. Gov. Lane became the first English smoker, but when Sir Walter took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold the Elizabethan courtiers followed the illustrious example and through them the habit spread through England and so rapidly to other countries that before the close of the Seventeenth century it was known and used by all nations.

No plague that ever threatened human life ever met with more general opposition than did this now favorite weed in its race around the world from monasteries, statesmen and priests. Legislation was enacted bearing the severest penalties even to the knout and capital punishment for its cultivation or use. Ex-communication was a penalty pronounced by the church. Even the "counterblast" of an English monarch is hurled against this "drug of late years found out." He tells them of all sorts of things that arise from its use and concludes with "A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stinking smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

A party sent out by Columbus on his first expedition to explore the island of Cuba brought back information that there had seen people "who carried a lighted firebrand to kindle fire and perfumed themselves with certain herbs which they carried along with them." It was the custom of these Indians to kindle a fire, upon which they threw the tobacco leaves and then inhale the smoke through a Y-shaped tube, the two upper points of which were inserted in the nostrils. The habit of snuff taking was reported by a Franciscan priest who accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, and the practice of chewing was first seen by the Spaniards in 1502, while exploring the coast of South America. All over the continent as it was explored the tobacco habit was found to be everywhere prevalent.

The Virginia colony that established Jamestown found it in general use among the Indians there, and it was John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, who first began its systematic cultivation in 1612. Gov. Yeardly encouraged its growth as an item of profit to the planter, and two years later his successor, upon landing, reported back that he "found all the Jamestown fallen to decay and not above five or six houses fit to be inhabited, the market places, streets and all square places planted to tobacco and the colony dispersed all about as every man could find the properest and best convenience for planting."

Two years after this, in 1619, Vir-

ginia exported 20,000 pounds and gradually increased the trade until it became an important item in the commerce of the country. To-day the world produces more than 1,500,000,000 pounds a year, of which the United States furnishes more than two-fifths of the whole. Kentucky is the banner tobacco field of the world, producing one-sixth of the total.

Connecticut, which to-day is so proud of her tobacco crop, once passed a curious law against its use. For those who already had the habit it is ordered that no man within this colony, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco publicly, in the streets, highways or any barnyards, or upon training days in any open places under penalty of six-pence for each violation, etc. The act provided that those who wished to adopt the habit must procure a license based upon a doctor's certificate, for both of which he should pay.

The name tobacco is attributed to the North American Indian's name of the instrument in which he smoked it—tobaca. Of all those who have used it, grown it or in any way become associated with it, Jean Nicot is the only one whose name has been allied with it. He was the secretary of King Henry II, of France, and while on a mission to Portugal saw the curious plant and sent a sample to the queen, and in his honor the botanists gave it its generic name nicotiana, which it may be said for the consolation of users of the weed belongs to the nightshade family, which also embraces the Irish potato, tomato, egg-plant and the red pepper.

Daniel Webster, who wanted to say something good for the weed wrote: "I suspect that Cato and John Rogers were not unacquainted with the virtues of the goodly leaf, as we have derived this firmness." \* \* \* Oh, tobacco, how many throats of bankrupts hast thou perished from their own pen-knives!"

### Forced Into Exile.

Wm. Upchurch, of Glen Oak, Okla., was an exile from home, Mountain air, he thought, would cure his frightful lung-racking cough that had defied all remedies for two years. After six months he returned, death dogging his steps. "Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery," he writes, "and after taking six bottles I am as well as ever." It saves thousands yearly from desperate lung diseases, Infallible for Coughs and Colds, it dispels Hoarseness and Sore Throat. Cures Grip, Bronchitis, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough. 50c and \$1.00, trial bottle free, guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson.

### Trade At Home.

Under the above heading the Met-calle, Ill., Journal prints the following editorial appeal: Just about now the mail order houses of our large cities, with an eye for the spring trade of the smaller cities or towns and of the farmer, are sending out bulky and illusive catalogues by the thousand. Experience proves that taking all things into account, to buy of such houses costs more and brings less satisfaction than to buy of the home merchants. Money sent out of town to these houses for what can be bought equally as well at home is just so much check to the growth and prosperity of the home town, and of the farmers and others who find in a town ready market for their eggs, butter and other produce.

## How to Cure Your Piles

Due Often To Carelessness or Neglect and Stubborn to Cure

"The knife is not always necessary to cure even desperate cases of piles," says a physician whose years of experience make him an authority. "Indeed," he says further, "I have known some very aggravated cases of long standing cured by a simple home remedy that restored to the bowels easy natural daily movements."

And the doctor is right, as many letters from cured people in various parts of the country prove. If sufferers from piles, rectal tumors and ulcers would try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin they would often save themselves the terrible pain and danger and the heavy expense of a severe surgical operation.

"Piles are often due to constipation and are always aggravated by it. Easy natural movements of the bowels such as are invariably produced by this famous laxative without pain or gripe do much to restore a normal healthy condition to the bowels and thus cure piles." M. H. Miller, Mowague, Ill., says: "I have been troubled all my life with piles brought on by constipation. I tried many doctors and numerous remedies, but found no relief until I used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I have used it as a laxative and stomachic remedy for nine years and have no more troubles with piles." H. N. John, Minneapolis, Kan., says he suffered for four years with piles, so bad that he could not work. Four bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin cured him and he has not been bothered since.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a safe sure remedy for constipation, restoring easy natural daily movements in the worst old chronic cases, yet so mild and pleasant to take mothers give it to their babies with splendid results. It is sold by all druggists at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Pepsin Syrup Co., 242 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill., will send a free sample to anyone who has not used it and will give it fair trial. For sale by The Red Cross Drug Store.

## Are You Sick?

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J. M. Trent, Willisburg, Ky.



# POLLY of the CIRCUS

BY MARGARET MAYO

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## CHAPTER V.

THE church bells were ringing their first warning for the morning service when Mandy peeped into the spare bedroom for the second time and glanced cautiously at the wisp of hair that bespoke a feminine head somewhere between the covers and the little white pillow on the four poster bed. There was no sound from the sleeper, so Mandy ventured across the room on tiptoe and raised the shades. The drooping boughs of autumn foliage lay shimmering against the window panes, and through them might be seen the gray outline of the church. Mandy glanced again toward the bed to make sure that the burst of sunlight had not awakened the invalid, then crossed to a small, rickety chair laden with the discarded finery of the little circus rider.

"Lawdy sakes!" she cried, holding up a spangled dress admiringly. "Ain't dat beautiful!" She drew near the mirror, attempting to see the reflection of the tinsel and chiffon against her very ample background of gingham and avoirdupois. "You'd sure be a swell nigger wid dat on, honey!" she chuckled to herself. "Wouldn't dem deacons holler if dey done see dat?"

The picture of the deacons' astonishment at such a spectacle so grew upon Mandy that she was obliged to cover her generous mouth to shut in her convulsive laughter lest it awaken the little girl in the bed. She crossed to the old fashioned bureau which for many months had stood unopened against the wall. The drawer creaked as she opened it to lay away the gay, spangled gown.

"It'll be a mighty long time afore she puts on 'em tings ag'in," she said, with a doubtful shake of her large, round head.

Then she went back to the chair and picked up Polly's sandals and examined the bandwork with a great deal of interest. "Lawdy, lawdy!" she cried as she compared the size of the sandals to that of her own rough, worn shoes. She was again upon the point of exploding with laughter as the church bell added a few final and more emphatic clangs to its warning.

She turned, with a start, motioning a vain warning out of the window for the bell to be silent, but the little sleeper was already stirring uneasily on her pillow. One soft arm was thrown languidly over her head. The large blue eyes opened and closed



"SHE DONE BEEN CUTTIN' UP SOMEFIN AWFUL"

"dey's done gone 'long wid de circus hours ago."

"Gone! Show gone!" Polly cried in amazement. "Then what am I doin' here?"

"Hol' on dar, honey! Hol' on!" Mandy cautioned. "Don't you 'cite yo' self!"

"Let me alone!" Polly put aside the arm that was trying to place a shawl around her. "I got to get out of here."

"Youse got plenty o' time for dat," Mandy answered. "Jes' yo' wait awhile."

"I can't wait, an' I won't!" Polly shrieked, almost beside herself with anxiety. "I got to get to the next burg—Wakeland, ain't it? What time is it? Let me alone! Let me go!" she cried, struggling desperately.

The door opened softly, and the young pastor stood looking down at the picture of the frail, white faced child and her black, determined captor.

"Here, here! What's all this about?" he asked in a firm tone, though evidently amused.

"Who are you?" returned the girl as she shoved herself quickly back against the pillows and drew the covers close under her chin, looking at him oddly over her top.

"She done been cuttin' up somethin' awful!" Mandy explained as she tried to regain enough breath for a new encounter.

"Cutting up? You surprise me, Miss Polly," he said, with mock seriousness. "How do you know I'm Polly?" the little rebel asked, her eyes gleaming large and desperate above the friendly covers.

"If you will be very good and keep very quiet, I will try to tell you," he said as he crossed to the bed.

"I won't be quiet, not for nobody," Polly objected, with a loud disregard of double negatives. "I got to get a move. If you ain't goin' to help me you needn't butt in."

"I am afraid I can't help you to go just yet," Douglas replied. He was beginning to perceive that there were tasks before him other than the shaping of Polly's character.

"What are you tryin' to do to me, anyhow?" she asked as she shot a glance of suspicion from the pastor to Mandy.

"Don't you be scared, honey," Mandy reassured her. "Youse jes' as safe here as you done been in de circus."

"Safer," he hoped, Douglas added, with a smile.

"Are you two buns?" Polly questioned as she turned her head from one side to the other and studied them with a new idea. "Well, you can't get none the best of me. I can get away all right, an' I will too."

She made a desperate effort to put one foot to the floor, but fell back with a cry of pain.

"Dar, dar," Mandy murmured, putting the pillow under the poor, cramped neck and smoothing the tangled hair from Polly's forehead. "You done hurt yo' self for snarl de time."

The pastor had taken a step toward the bed. His look of amusement had changed to one of pity.

"You see, Miss Polly, you have had a very bad fall, and you can't get away just yet nor see your friends until you are better."

"It's only a scratch," Polly whimpered. "I can do my work; I got to. One more feeble effort and she succumbed, with a faint 'Jinny crick-etc.'"

"Uncle Toby told me that you were a very good little girl," Douglas said as he drew up a chair and sat down by her side, confident by the expression on her face that at last he was master of the situation. "Do you think

he would like you to behave like this?"

"I sure am on the blink," she sighed as she settled back wearily upon the pillow.

"You'll be all right soon," Douglas answered cheerily. "Mandy and I will help the time to go."

"I recollect now," Polly faltered without hearing him. "It was the last hoop. Jim seemed to have a hunch I was goin' to be in for trouble when I went into the ring. Bingo must 'a' felt it too. He kept a pullin' and a-jerkin' from the start. I got myself together to make the last jump, an' I can't remember no more." Her head drooped, and her eyes closed.

"I wouldn't try just now if I were you," Douglas answered tenderly. "It's my wheel, ain't it?" Polly questioned after a pause.

"Yowh what, chile?" Mandy exclaimed as she turned from the table, where she had been rolling up the unopened bandages left from the doctor's call the night before.

"I say it's my creeper, my paddie," Polly explained, trying to locate a few of her many pains. "Gee, but that hurts!" She tried to bend her ankle. "Is it punctured?"

"Only sprained," Douglas answered, striving to control his amusement at the expression on Mandy's puzzled face. "Better not talk any more about it."

"Ain't anything the matter with my tongue, is there?" she asked, turning her head to one side and studying him quizzically.

"I don't think there is," he replied good naturedly.

"How did I come to fall in here anyhow?" she asked as she studied the walls of the unfamiliar room.

"We brought you here," Douglas answered. "It's a swell place," she conceded grudgingly.

"We are comfortable," he admitted as a telltale smile again hovered about his lips. "He was thinking of that changes that he must presently make in Miss Polly's vocabulary."

"Is this the big top?" she asked. "The what?" he stammered.

"The main tent," she explained. "Well, not exactly. It's going to be your room now, Miss Polly."

"My room! Gee! Think of that!" she gasped as the possibility of her actually having a room all of her own took hold of her mind. "Feeling obliged," she said, with a nod, feeling that something was expected of her. She knew no other phrase of gratitude than the one "Muvver Jim" and Toby had taught her to say to the manager when she received from him the first stick of red and white striped candy.

"You're very welcome," Douglas answered, with a ring of genuine feeling in his voice.

"Awful quiet, ain't it?" she ventured after a pause. "Guess that's what woke me up."

Douglas laughed good naturedly at the thought of quiet as a disturber and added that he feared it might at first be rather dull for her, but that Jim and Toby would send her news of the circus and that she could write to them as soon as she was better.

"I'll have to be a heap better 'an I ever was 'fore I can write much," Polly drawled, with a whimsical little smile.

"I will write for you," the pastor volunteered, understanding her plight. "You will?" For the first time he saw a shadow of real pleasure in her eyes.

"Every day," Douglas promised solemnly.

"An' you will show me how?" "Indeed, I will!"

"How long an' in for?" she asked. "The doctor can tell better about

that when he comes."

"The doctor! So—it's as bad as that, eh?"

"Oh, that need not frighten you," Douglas answered consolingly.

"I ain't frightened," she bridled quickly. "I ain't no seed of nothin'." It's only 'cause they need me in the show that I'm a-kickin'."

"Oh, they will get along all right," he said reassuringly.

"Get along?" Polly dashed with sudden resentment. "Get along without my act?" It was apparent from her look of astonishment that Douglas had completely lost whatever ground he had heretofore gained in her respect.

"Say, have you seen that show?" She waited for his answer with pity and contempt.

"No," admitted John weakly. "Well, I should say you ain't or you wouldn't make no crack like that. I'm the whole thing in this push," she said, with an air of self complacency, "an' with me down an' out that show will be on the bum for fair."

"I beg your pardon," was all Douglas could say, confused by the sudden volley of unfamiliar words.

"You're kiddin' me," she said, turning her head to one side, as was her wont when assailed by suspicion. "You must 'a' seen me ride?"

"No, Miss Polly, I have never seen a circus," Douglas told her, half regretfully, a sense of his deep privation stealing upon him.

"What?" cried Polly incredulously. "Lordy, no, chile. He ain't nebbber seed none ob dem tings," Mandy interrupted as she tried to arrange a few short stemmed posies in a variegated bouquet.

"Well, what do you think of that?" Polly gasped. "You're the first Rubie I ever saw that hadn't!" She was looking at him as though he were a curiosity.

"So I'm a Rubie!" Douglas shook his head with a little smile and good naturedly agreed that he had sometimes feared as much.

"That's what we always call a guy like you," she explained ingeniously and added hopefully: "Well, you must 'a' seen our parade. All the pikers see that. It don't cost nothin'!"

"I'm afraid I must also plead guilty to the charge of being a piker," Douglas admitted, half sheepishly, "for I did see the parade."

"Well, I was the one on the white horse right behind the lion cage," she began excitedly. "You remember?"

"It's a little confused in my mind"—he caught her look of amazement—"just at present," he stammered, feeling her wrath again about to descend upon him.

"Well, I'm the twenty-four sheet stand," she explained.

"Sheet!" Mandy shrieked from her corner.

"Yes, the billboards, the pictures," Polly said, growing impatient at their persistent stupidity.

(Continued next week)

## Col. John I.



Bay, 15.3 hands, fine style, speed and action. Six years old. This colt is a son of the great Onward Silver, formerly owned by J. L. Druien, of Bardonia, and winner of the Transylvania stakes at Lexington and with a record of a mile in 2:04, and two miles in 4:24. Onward Silver was sold for \$2,000 and was taken to Italy. Onward Silver is a son of Onward 1141, record 2:25, and the sire of nine performers with records of from 2:04 to 2:10 and the sire of the dams of 13 with records of 2:14 and better. Onward is a son of George Wilkes 2:22 and out of Sylvian Maid by Aberdeen, sire of Kentucky Unions 1:07.

COL. JOHN I.'s dam is Kate Hundley sired by Naboth 1898, son of Washington 6, Goo. Wilkes, Kate Hundley's first dam was Helen H., dam of Clared 2:24, by Metropolitan, son of Hambleton 10 and full brother to Riennea Victoria, dam of Enchid 2:19 and Princeton 2:24. Riennea Victoria sold for \$4,800 at McFerran's sale.

Second dam Nelly Anderson dam of Worry 2:28, by Gill's Vermont, sire of Bonner Boy 2:23 and dams of 13 in 2:30 or better, also sire of the dam of Gambetta Wilkes 2:19, sire of Eylet 2:06, Guinette 2:04, Lottie Lorin 2:05 and seventy-five others better than 2:30.

COL. JOHN I. will make the present season at

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Is a fine Jack 15 1/2 hands, fine bone and muscle. He is by Dick Parrott's Jack, he by Litsey's Jack, he by Governor Wood, he is out of a fine Jennett, by Governor and her dam by old Black Hawk. So you could not have finer breeding. He will make the season at

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The Sun makes the prediction that Judge Thurman will win next November by one of the handsomest majorities ever given a man in the counties composing his district. The people of the district will be slow to vote against such an excellent Judge just because a dozen disgruntled Democrats desire his defeat upon purely personal grounds. Quite a number of the Republican leaders of the district are openly for Judge Thurman—not because they have become dissatisfied with the Republican party, but because they will not be governed by Democrats who are seeking revenge. Hundreds of Republicans refused to participate in the county conventions, and later in the district conventions, which nominated Judge Thurman's opponent, for the very simple reason that they did not want to feel in honor bound to support a nominee, whose nomination was conceived and fathered by a handful of Democrats, who have been trying for months to bring about a nomination.

Congressman's Ben Johnson's nomination for Governor of Kentucky by the Democratic party is being predicted by politicians in all sections of the State, and with the prediction is the emphatically expressed belief that he will win by an overwhelming majority. He is identified with no faction, and when he is nominated he will go before the people with a united party behind him, with a clean record, and with the strongest organization ever effected in the State.

It will require a nominee such as Mr. Johnson will make to win. Kentucky is to-day in the list of doubtful States, with the chances always in favor of the Democrats when the party nominees are free of entangling alliances—when naught can be said against the party's candidates. To redeem Kentucky the Democrats must put forward their best men—men in whom the people have the utmost confidence. Nobody realizes this more forcibly than Democratic party leaders, hence the effort on the part of the leaders to nominate Congressman Johnson for Governor.

Now, that Mr. Johnson has said that he will be a candidate, and the question of his nomination being practically settled, the Democrats of Kentucky congratulate themselves upon the certainty of the election of a Democrat as Governor of Kentucky in 1911.

In quite a number of business houses one finds a lot of appropriate mottoes, or placards, upon the walls where the

employees must necessarily see them. These "little sermons in frames" often produce good results, and the practice of putting them in business houses should be encouraged. "DO IT NOW" is one of the best mottoes of which we may make use, and should be placed in conspicuous places in every business house and office. "Procrastination" is one of our most dangerous practices. "Putting-off-until-tomorrow" is an emphatic invitation to the wolf to come and howl at one's door; it is the mother of pauperism—the wide-open thoroughfare over which countless thousands travel to the end of the pilgrimage, where awaits the pauper's shroud, the plain, pine box and an open grave in the potter's field. "DO IT NOW!" Don't let a few little obstacles bluff you. Every man, who would be called a man, should enjoy the task of putting obstacles out of his way.

The Kentucky State Journal, of which W. P. Walton has been editor and publisher, has changed hands, having been purchased by Mr. Jas. L. Newman, formerly managing editor. The most interesting feature connected with the change, however, is the fact that former Gov. J. C. W. Beckham is to become its editor.

While Gov. Beckham has spent his life in politics and in the practice of law, and has at no time, so far as we know, been engaged in journalism, he has nevertheless time and again in his writings which have been made public demonstrated that he is a virile and polished writer. We doubt not that he will, as an editor, be an ornament to the profession. Gov. Beckham is a man of marked ability, a leader with a large and loyal following, and as editor of the Journal he should be able to do a great work for the Democratic party in Kentucky.

The policy of the paper was outlined in the following editorial:

"To the many guesses, speculations, opinions, surmises and prognostications as to what will be the policy of the Journal under its new management, we have, for the present, this definite and specific answer to make: It will be a Democratic newspaper, fighting the battles of that party the best it can, not for the sake of putting in office men of one set over another set of men, nor for the sake of evening up old scores, but because it believes that the triumph and ascendancy of Democratic principles means the greatest amount of good to the greatest number."

After deliberating for some hours the jury in the Beach Hargis case brought in a verdict finding the defendant guilty and fixing his punishment at life imprisonment in the penitentiary. No doubt this verdict meets with general approval. The people of the State can not consider complacently and justify the murder of a father—bad though he may have been—by a degenerate son. Yet there are many who knew and had heard of the conditions surrounding the patrie since childhood, drunkenness, outlawry and cold-blooded murder. Many who believed that young Hargis had been encouraged by Judge Hargis to follow in his footsteps. By these greater mercy would have been shown the unfortunate boy.

It is to be hoped that with the death of Judge Hargis and the incarceration of Beach that Breathitt county will now enjoy an era of peace and her good people live happily and enjoy the prosperity which should be theirs under normal conditions.

## Special Attractions For This week!

### In Our Men's and Boy's Clothing Department



If you are thinking of a new suit for yourself or boy it will pay you to call on us; we have a surprise for you.

**Don't fail to see our stock.**

We are also offering some extra good things in Men's & Boy's SHOES, HATS, SHIRTS AND TIES. You can always find the newest here

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### Local News Notes.

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Use Kentucky Star Flour to bake your Cakes and make Biscuits. It's light, pure, white, and healthful.

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Now is your chance for a bargain. Best quality black taffeta silk petticoats, worth \$5.50 for \$4.00. MRS. WILLIAMS.

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New Spring Millinery arriving every day. Come to see me. Mrs. Nannie Mullican over People's Bank.

FOUND.—A black jacket in front of Catholic church. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for advertisement.

FOR SALE.—One first-class, second-hand, upright Fisher piano. Will sell reasonable. For further information call on ED M. RUSSELL.

Try Kentucky Star Flour. It's made like grandfather used to make it.

Buy Rapid Shine Stove Polish, 5c per box. JOE A. SHADEK.

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For Brown double-shovel plows, five plow cultivators, fourteen-tooth Harrows, Disc Harrows, Tobacco Setters and American Fence call on A. C. KIMBALL.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Cheatham are receiving congratulations over the arrival of a nine-pound boy at their home. The young man made his appearance Friday and has been christened Hyatt.

See Miss Willie Knott's new assortment of Pattern and Sailor Hats. The swellest on the market at prices to suit all.

Haydon & Robertson have had a large sign painted on the west side of their drug store. The work was done by Simp Roberts and is as good a piece of work as one can see anywhere.

Attention is called to the ad of the Springfield Water and Electric Light Co. in this issue. Save 10 per cent on your ice this summer by buying their 500, 1000, or 2000 pound coupon books for cash.

Don't forget the C&B corset. You will need one for your new Princess dress. Sold only by MRS. WILLIAMS.

Mr. A. B. Hundley has sold his fine Jack, Black Giant, to Mr. Will Hays, of Nelson county. The consideration is not known, but the price was probably a good one as the jack is a fine animal.

Miss Willie Knott's swell line of Millinery surpasses all. See her before buying; she can suit you in both price and hat.

Mr. Geo. Mattingly, of Bardtown, is here to-day with a lot of flowers and plants. All of the ladies in town and some of the men have been on hand looking and buying. Mr. Mattingly has been coming to Springfield for years and always brings a fine display of flowers and plants.

Mr. Sam Hall and little son, were callers at the Sign office Tuesday. Mr. Hall brought us a curiosity in the way of a hen egg. The egg was the shape of a snail in its shell and the shell of the egg was perfectly developed.

The trustees of the Christian Church are improving the church property by building a stone fence around the grounds. The fence will be low and is constructed of very fine stone. This is something that has been needed for some time and will add greatly to the property, the location of which is one of the best in town and on which a beautiful church edifice stands.

### A Scalded Boys' Shrieks

horrified his grandmother, Mrs. Maria Taylor, of Nebo, Ky., who writes that, when all thought he would die, Buck-jen's Arnica Salve wholly cured him. Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Corns, Wounds, Bruises. Cures Fever Sores, Boils, Skin Eruptions, Chills, Chapped Hands. Soon relieves Piles. 25c at Haydon & Robertson's.

### Wool Wanted.

I am on the market to buy wool and pay the highest market price. Will receive at Kelly Shop on Wednesday, May 12; at Fredrickstown, Thursday, May 13; Booker Station, on Friday, May 14; at Springfield, Saturday, May 15; and at Valley Hill, on Monday, May 17. For further information call by phone at Mooreville exchange.

ROBERT M. THOMPSON.

### Lace Curtains Laundered.

Send me a postal and I will come and receive the curtains and deliver the same in good order. 20c per pair. Address, MRS. WM. JEFFRIES, R. F. D. No. 3.

### Protect Your Families With Life Insurance.

We can furnish you with Insurance that is self-supporting in case of total disability and our 20 year contracts are guaranteed to pay out in 15 years. If you intend to purchase Life Insurance call on Leo Haydon or Lee VanArsdale, representing the Southern National Life Insurance Co.

E. T. WIGGINTON, General Agent.

For a burn or scald apply Chamberlain's Salve. It will allay the pain almost instantly and quickly heal the injured parts. For sale by The Leo Haydon Drug Co.

## LAWN MOWER HEADQUARTERS

If you want the best LAWN MOWER on earth go to Hatchett and Anderson's. They now have a large stock

of Whitman & Barns lawn mowers. A

**Strictly High Grade Machine**

with the best quality steel ball cups, and cones perfectly ground and dust proof.

If you need a lawn mower be sure to get our prices before buying. We also have a nice line of lawn edgers, sections, and rivets for any mowing machine made and have bought them in a way as to sell cheap.

..Cycle Grinders Cheap..

## Garden Tools Of All Kinds

Garden Plows, Rakes, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Etc., in fact anything you may need to raise a garden. Come in and let us show you and get prices.

SPECIAL SERVICE GIVEN TO PLUMBING AND TINNING

## Hatchett & Anderson

Springfield,

Kentucky.

# Ice! Ice! Ice!

Coupon books now on sale  
For CASH Only.



500, 1,000 and 2,000  
pound coupon books for  
sale at ten per cent.  
Discount.

Buy a book and save money on your ice this summer.

**Springfield Water and Electric Light Co.**



## THE PUREST

Red Kidney Beans  
Rich and Savory

The kidney bean is a southern favorite you ought to know. Many people like them better than any other kind. A pleasant change from ordinary varieties. There's a big difference in beans, but there's a "bigger difference" in cooking them. That's why

HEINZ

Baked Red Kidney Beans

Are not like any other kind you ever tasted. They are really baked with a juicy, nutty flavor all their own. Just try a can. Your money back if not pleased. We have other kinds of Heinz Baked Beans, all really baked—as guaranteed right on the labels.

Ice Cream furnished in quarts, half gallon, or 1, 2, 3 or more gallons in half-hour notice.

Brick Cream a Specialty.

Fresh Cakes, Rolls, Pies, Etc. Try our Cream Bread.

Katie Hertlein &amp; Bro

CALL ON US

## Democratic Ticket.



CIRCUIT JUDGE—J. H. Thurman.  
COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY—  
C. S. Hill, of Marion County.  
COUNTY JUDGE—B. L. Litsey.  
COUNTY CLERK—W. F. Booker.  
CIRCUIT CLERK—Robt. Noe.  
COUNTY ATTORNEY—T. Scott Mayes.  
SHERIFF—S. J. Anderson.  
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT—J. W. Bush.  
JAILER—Geo. D. Catlett.  
ASSESSOR—W. T. Mitchell.  
SURVEYOR—Wm. G. Roberts.

## MCINTIRE.

Mr. James Fields purchased of Mr. Will Graham one three year old Jack for which he paid \$700.

T. E. Ballard and Bud Badgett sold to John H. Walker, one registered bull calf for which they received \$50.

James Montgomery and Bud Badgett attended county court in Lebanon Monday.

Messrs. T. E. Ballard, Robert McIntire, Leslie McIntire and Paul Keene attended the K. C. meeting at Lebanon Monday night.

The marriage of Mr. Albert Cecil of Nelson county and Miss Ida Johnston of this place was published for the first time at Blinco last Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Smith, wife of Wm. Smith of this place, died on last Thursday of consumption. Mrs. Smith possessed a true Christian character and was a devout Catholic. Her remains were interred at St. Rose.

Mr. Herman Hays and wife of Louisville were called here on account of the death of Mr. Hays' sister, Mrs. Smith.

Miss Laura Wheatley and Miss Victoria Osbourne have returned from Bowling Green where they have been attending the normal school.

Misses Teresita and Alma Haydon of Daunt's Station were the guests of their sister, Mrs. Mamie Alvey last Sunday.

Mr. C. L. Hamilton and sister of Marion county visited Misses Hester and Lucy Blanford Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Polin Edelen and wife were the recent guests of relatives at this place. Miss Sallie Thompson, of Springfield, spent a few days here last week.

Miss Susie Thompson, of Fredericktown, was the guest of her uncle, Mr. Charles Clements, last week.

Born, April 18, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Montgomery, a boy.

Mrs. T. E. Ballard and Lottie Fields were in Springfield Saturday.

Mrs. Theresa Smith Hill, formerly of this vicinity, but now of Kansas City, Mo., was called to this county by the illness and death of her father, Mr. James Smith.

Lula, the little daughter of Mr. Clell Pile, had the misfortune of getting her leg broken by falling from a gate. She is doing nicely at present.

## Biliousness and Constipation.

For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me. I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been to-day had I not tried Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. The tablets relieve the ill feeling at once, strengthen the digestive functions, purify the stomach, liver and blood, helping the system to do its work naturally. —MRS. ROSA POTTS, Birmingham, Ala. These tablets are for sale by The Leo Haydon Drug Co.

Kentucky Star Flour. Best made.

W. V. STALLARD, D. D. S.  
SPRINGFIELD, KY. PHONE 72TEETH  
EXTRACTED  
WITHOUT  
PAIN OR DANGER

All Work Done in this office is first-class in every respect and just as advertised. (GUARANTEED)  
—Over McElroy & Shader's Grocery—

## Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Mr. Powell Boulware, of Danville, spent the week-end at the home of his father, Mr. J. A. Boulware.

—Mr. C. F. Haydon left last Friday for Shelbyville, where he has accepted a position.

—Miss Fannie Smith is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Bloomfield.

—Mrs. R. H. Shader and Miss Eleanor Clements are in Louisville.

—Dr. J. C. Mudd is in Louisville today.

—Mrs. John Peter and daughter, Miss Sallie, of Mackville, were in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. Hamilton Robertson is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Edelen, of Louisville.

—Miss Margaret Moore, of Bardstown, has returned home, after a visit to Miss Margaret Spalding.

—Mr. Neal Bobbitt visited in Louisville last week.

—Mr. J. Chas. Greene spent several days last week in Bloomfield.

—Mr. C. H. McIntire spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Bloomfield, spent Saturday here.

—Messrs. L. B. Cain and Benedict Clements attended the K. C. meeting in Lebanon Monday night.

—Mrs. Fred Manget, of Louisville, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lewis.

—Misses Stella Simms, Margaret Spalding and Flaget Simms will attend the Music Festival in Louisville this week.

—Miss Mary Lampton, who has been teaching music at Hazard, Ky., for the past several months, has returned home.

—Mrs. H. D. Rodman, of Shelbyville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. I. H. Thurman.

—Mrs. Kate Williams spent the first of the week in Louisville.

—Miss Annie McElroy is visiting friends in Lebanon this week.

—Miss Bertha Haydon has returned home, after a visit to her sister in Bardstown.

—Mrs. M. L. Seafey is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. B. Hawkins, of Lawrenceburg.

—Miss Mary Theresa Talbott, of Bardstown, is the guest of Miss Bertha Haydon.

—Mr. Frank Peters and Miss Mary Haydon were in Lebanon last Thursday.

—Mrs. Will Hill, of Walnut, Kansas, was called here by the death of her father, Mr. J. S. Smith.

—Messrs. Ben F. John F. and Frank Simms were in Louisville Monday.

—Miss Gertrude Stocker has returned to her home in Bardstown, after spending several days at St. Catharine.

—Mr. L. O. McCarty spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Mr. J. A. Hardin, of Louisville, spent Sunday and Monday with friends and relatives here.

—Miss Ida Haydon has returned from a visit to friends and relatives at Cox Creek.

—Mrs. S. C. McGill and Mr. Arthur McGill have returned from a visit to their father, Mr. Ralph Hagan, at Fairfield.

—Mrs. Lewis Rogers will spend the latter part of the week in Louisville.

—Hon. John W. Lewis has returned home, after a several days' visit to Greensburg.

—Mr. T. Scott Mayes attended Squire Hendren's court at Willsburg yesterday.

—Mr. L. H. Bellebaum is in Louisville this week.

—Wathen Simms spent Sunday in Louisville.

—Mr. Frank Willett visited his parents here Saturday and Sunday and returned to Louisville Monday.

—Messrs. Heffernan Rubel, Logan Bosley, Harry Smith and Ray Goddin, of Lebanon, were in town Sunday.

—Miss Katherine Spalding, of Lebanon, visited friends here Sunday.

## SPECIAL SALE ON

## Friday and Saturday

OF ALL THE LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS IN

Clothing, Carpets, Wall Paper and Lace Curtains

## Lace Curtains

Lace Curtains, worth 50c.....35c  
Lace Curtains, worth 75c.....50c  
Lace Curtains, worth \$1.25.....75c  
Lace Curtains, worth \$1.50.....\$1.00  
Lace Curtains, worth \$2.25.....\$1.50  
Lace Curtains, worth \$3.50.....\$2.25

We are showing an unusual strong line of Carpets, Wall Paper and Lace Curtains. Call and price them.

## Carpets

We have a large range of Patterns, Grades and Styles in Carpets, which we will put in this Sale at very low prices.

Axminsters.....\$1.05  
Velvets.....87c  
Tapestries.....70c  
Ingrains worth 70c @.....60c  
Ingrains worth 50c @.....40c  
Ingrains worth 40c @.....30c  
Hemp.....12c

## Clothing

We will make special prices on each and every garment in our clothing department in this special sale.

Suits up to \$30.00 for.....\$22.50  
Suits up to \$20.00 for.....\$15.00  
Suits up to \$15.00 for.....\$10.00  
Suits up to \$12.50 for.....\$8.00  
Suits up to \$10.00 for.....\$7.00  
Suits up to \$8.00 for.....\$5.00

## Special

We are also showing and making special prices on Dress Goods, Silks and Wash Goods. Call and see us before making your spring purchases.

WALL PAPER at 4, 5, 7 1-2 and 10 Cents and up. Now is the time to buy

## Cunningham, Duncan &amp; Co.

## A Query and Suggestion.

The following article was sent to us last week with the request that we print it, but arrived too late for publication:

"Why should Governor Willson go to the trouble of writing out that rigamarole as a reason for pardoning W. S. Taylor and Crow? It would have been sufficient just to say, 'because they are Republicans,' for we all know this was his intention before he was elected to do just what he has done. This certainly would have been a more honest course to take. But his constituting himself judge and jury, regardless of evidence and declaring them 'innocent' simply on his own authority, is the height of egotism. He insults the State and brings the law into contempt, and he posing, too, as the apostle of law and order. He impeaches the common sense of the people. Does he suppose they forget the pangs Taylor took to protect the culprits from the civil officers by the use of the soldiers? Or how his party howled about the 'persecution' of Youtsey, when he was brought into court on a cot, when on the advice of his party he was feigning sickness? And now to claim that he alone is guilty. Absurd! If that were true the Taylor Crowd knew it then as well as now. It is ludicrous to see him assuming the character of a 'Missionary of Peace.' The good book says 'There is no peace to the wicked.' I doubt if there is peace of conscience to any of that crowd even though they do possess pardons and I would not like to stand in their shoes. In view of Governor Willson's course I think his name should be changed from Augustus E. Willson to 'Dungus E. Willson. It is most appropriate."

—TRUTH.

—Mr. Edward Fennell, formerly a member of the board of Prison Commissioners, was in town last week.

—Mr. R. H. Edelen, of Bardstown, has been visiting relatives in Springfield.

—Mrs. Beatrice Moses and daughter, Miss Marguerite, of San Francisco, Cal., have been the guests of their cousin, Judge W. E. Seelman.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Metz and Miss Dorothy Metz, who have been visiting friends and relatives here, have returned to their home in Sherman, Texas.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Greene, who were married in Jeffersonville last week, have returned, and are making their home at Mr. W. T. McMillan's.

—Mrs. H. D. Stiles, of Danville, was the guest of Mrs. Lizzie Durrett last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Caldwell, Mr. L. P. Yandell and Mr. Fox Caldwell, of Danville, and Miss Mary Yandell Fox, of Louisville, were guests at the Walton for supper Saturday night.

—Mr. Baker Smith, of Bardstown, Mr. Charles Biven, of Lebanon, Mr. Frank O'Daniels and Miss Mary Lizzie O'Daniels, of St. Marys, were here Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mr. J. S. Smith.

—Col. E. L. Davison has returned from Hendersonville, N. C., where he has been spending several weeks for his health. We are glad to report that Mr. Davison is greatly improved in health.

—Messrs. W. F. Booker, Ed M. Russell, Robt. Noe and J. W. Riedel, who went to Tatham last week on a fishing trip, returned Saturday. The weather was too bad for them to do any fishing.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

—Mr. Frank Willett, of Louisville, spent a few days with his parents here.

—Miss Ella Sweeney and Nellie Reed of the Grundy Home spent Sunday with relatives here.

—Mrs. J. S. Yankey left Tuesday for a visit to her daughter in Geneva, N. Y. Mr. John Polin is at home, having recently completed a course in law at the University of Louisville.

—Mr. Frank Willett, of Louisville, spent a few days with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Wigginton, of Bloomfield, have returned home after a visit to Mrs. Wigginton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Durrett.

Miss Layna O'Connor visited Miss Pearl Edelen, of Springfield, from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. James Noe and children spent last week at the home of Mr. S. C. VanArsdale.

Mr. W. P. Hays and children, Wm. Jr., and Catherine, of Bloomfield, were at the home of B. L. Litsey, recently.

Little Parker Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Thompson, Jr., who has been very ill of pneumonia, is now very much improved.

Mr. James Noe spent Sunday with his wife and family here.

Miss Minerva Raybourne, who has been nursing Parker Thompson, has returned to Mackville.

Kentucky Star Flour. Best made.

## Down-and-Out

The battle between The Flies and the People is now on.

See what we can do to the Fly.



..Let us Screen Your House..

And prevent the FILTH and DISEASE the Miserable Pests carry with them.

We handle both ODD and REGULAR Sizes in Doors and Windows and can put them up for you. Prices right.

Springfield Lumber Co

## KRESO DIP

Cures Scab or Mange Cuts & Sores on all Live Stock DESTROYS ALL DISEASE GERMS

KILLS ALL KINDS OF LICE AND PARASITES

We Have It in Stock

Red Cross Drug Store



# FREE! — FREE!

**2**  
**Papers**

**FOR  
PRICE  
OF**

**Subscribe Today**

## The Kentucky Farmer

A WEEKLY JOURNAL REPRESENTATIVE OF AND DEVOTED TO THE AGRICULTURAL AND LIVE STOCK INTERESTS OF KENTUCKY AND THE SOUTH

**Given Away Absolutely Free for Three Months**

**TO SUBSCRIBERS PAYING IN ADVANCE  
AND TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS  
TO THE SPRINGFIELD SUN**

The Sun one year and the Kentucky Farmer Three months for the price of the Sun—**\$1**

As a special inducement to all those in arrears to pay up, and to new subscribers, we will have mailed to them FREE for THREE MONTHS, THE KENTUCKY FARMER, a live and up-to-date weekly Journal published at Louisville. This will give you your home paper for one year, and a farm paper for three months for the price of the home paper alone. This offer is OPEN TO ALL, new subscribers or renewals who pay Cash in advance.

We reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any date.

In subscribing or renewing ask for this paper

Send Check, Paper Money, or Postoffice Money Order and take advantage of this offer.

**...The Springfield Sun...**

**Springfield, - Ky.**

## Clubbing Rates

We club with all the leading Newspapers and Magazines and can save you money.

Following are a few prices on Louisville papers:

THE SUN and	BOTH
Daily Louisville Times.	\$3.50
“ Evening Post....	3.50
“ Louisville Herald.	3.25
Farmers Home Journal..	1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
“ Herald.....	1.50

Above prices include the Kentucky Farmer for three months.

**More Restrictions on Jews.**  
The Siberian Jews have lately been subjected to severe repression. The authorities suddenly discovered (says the Jewish Chronicle) that the Jews had no right to travel from one town to another, but were bound to remain in their present places of residence. For this reason, too, they expelled from the larger educational centers all provincial Jewish children, thus depriving them of all possibility of educating themselves. The Jewish political exiles, too, have been prohibited from residing in the towns, and have been obliged to return to the villages where conditions of life are very severe.

**Death of the Oldest Nun.**  
The oldest nun in the world has just died at the Cistercian convent of Sarnau, near Lucerne. She was known as Mother Andrew, and was born on December 14, 1812. She made her profession on June 10, 1837, and from that time had charge of the vestry of the convent until 1897—about sixty years. She was able to read without spectacles almost to the end, and had never been under the doctor's care until her last illness. She never quitted the convent from the time of her profession, and passed her religious life under six different prioresses-general of the order.

**Rebution.**  
“John Henry,” sharply spoke Mrs. Vick-Seen, “there's a young man that comes here about five nights in the week to see Bridget, and I want you to tell him to quit coming, right off.”  
“Alvira,” said her husband, “you've been running this house for 16 years, and I have never disputed your authority in all that time, but this is where I kick! I am going to assert my manhood! If you want to stop that big, strapping, two-fisted young man from coming here to see Bridget, by the great horn spoon, Alvira, you'll have to do it yourself!”—Chicago Tribune.

**Even.**  
Scientist—We are now getting messages from Mars and answering them. Inquirer—But you can't understand their messages, can you?  
Scientist—N—no. But then, they can't understand our answers, either.—Cleveland Leader.

**WE PRINT  
SALE BILLS  
AND PRINT THEM RIGHT**  
The Sun and Courier-Journal, \$1.50

## WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL

Henry Watterson, Editor

Is a national Newspaper, Democratic in politics. It prints all the news without fear or favor. The regular price is \$1.00 a year, but you can get the WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL and

## THE SUN

BOTH ONE YEAR FOR ONLY

**\$1.50**

If you will give or send your order to this paper—not to the Courier-Journal.

Daily Courier-Journal, one year \$6.00  
Sunday Courier-Journal one year \$2.00

We can give you a combination cut rate on Daily or Sunday if you will write this paper

## THIS ISLAND SOBER

LOCAL OPTION CUTS DOWN NEWFOUNDLAND'S DRINK BILL.

St. Johns the One Wet Spot—That City Now Talks of Closing Its Saloons—In the Wild Days of Heavy Drinking.

St. Johns, N. F.—There is now an interesting experiment taking shape in Newfoundland which promises to be of special importance to temperance workers the world over. It is nothing less than to put the city of St. Johns under the local option or persuasive law, known in Canada as the Scott act, and by this means bring about virtual prohibition, because, while the importation of spirituous liquors will still be possible, their sale will be prohibited except for medicinal or mechanical purposes.

In 1872 the local option law was first enacted in Newfoundland, and the initial move for its enforcement was made by the hamlet of Bregus being started appropriately enough, by a man named Waterhouse. This law provided that any township could by a two-thirds vote decree against the sale of liquor therein, though the importation of liquor from abroad or from other sections, for the personal use of residents was still allowed. The consumption of liquors of all qualities in the colony in 1871 was 212,616 gallons. The population of the colony then was 161,374, so the consumption was 1.32 gallons per capita annually. The consumption of liquors in 1908 was 153,427 gallons. The population now is estimated at about 243,000, it being 229,582 by the census of 1901, so that the consumption of liquor is only .63 gallons per capita annually, or exactly one-half of what it was 37 years ago.

The drink statistics of Newfoundland, as compared with other countries, show it to be the soberest country in the world. Practically the whole island, except St. Johns, is under local option, for the temperance sentiment gradually became strong enough to wipe out the two-thirds clause and substitute a simple majority vote, and as the years passed the spread of local option grew general. If local option should be carried in St. Johns, it would mean not alone the closing of the saloons there but a stoppage of the use of liquor in the rest of the island except by importing it from abroad as it is now obtained almost wholly from St. Johns.

Fifty years ago Newfoundlanders were much addicted to the use of intoxicants. In those days every vessel owner among the coast fishermen told in a puncheon of rum (400 gallons) for winter consumption, as regularly as he did any article of food. If he was still more prominent he brought home two puncheons. This liquor was used as liberally then as “soft drinks”

are now. Every man employed about his vessel or premises took daily his three “horn” of liquor. He started with his “morning” when he began work; had a “leveller” at 11 o'clock, or before noon, and a “sundown” about 5 p. m., while many took a “nightcap” also before going to bed.

Every day at the hours named a servant maid would make the rounds with a jar of rum, a basket of bread cut into chunks and a pot of music, and each man would help himself to his “nip” and his “grog bit,” as the bread was called. Fishermen took jars of rum in their boats when they went out fishing, as they take kettles of tea now; and it was not unusual for them to drink a quart of water without hurt to themselves. Every sailor took his gallon jar of rum to the ice fields in the seal hunt of the early spring, and the ship itself was supplied on an equally generous scale. Shipwrights stipulated in their agreements that their daily wage was to be so many shillings and a bottle of rum. Blacksmiths and sailmakers made similar contracts.

Yet nobody ever got really drunk, old-timers say, except once a year, on St. Stephen's day, which is the day after Christmas and which was the occasion chosen for sealers to secure their places on board their ships. Then men flocked to the principal sealing ports from all sections of the island. After signing articles with his own skipper each man made the rounds of the town, asking other skippers for places, who knowing the practice, would express themselves as unable to give a berth, but would ask each to take a glass of liquor. By evening they were all usually fighting drunk and a disturbance was not uncommon.

**SAD, SAD DAY FOR THE SMITHS.**  
House of Representatives Will Have Only Four in Sixty-first Congress.

Washington.—March 4 will be a sad day for the Smith family. Its representatives in the house of representatives will on that day be reduced from six to four. Representative Madison R. Smith of Missouri will leave his duty. Smith, delegate from Arizona, will not be in the Sixty-first congress, and no new Smiths will come to uphold the family name and fame.

Ralph H. Cameron will succeed Marcus Smith from Arizona, while Politte Elvira of Elvira, Mo., will occupy the seat of Mr. Madison Smith of Missouri. The retirement of the Missouri and Arizona Smiths will leave in duty Samuel W. Smith of Michigan, Sylvester C. Smith of California and Walter I. Smith of Iowa, all Republicans, and William R. Smith, the lone Democratic Smith.

**When You Buy  
BUY AT HOME**  
The Home Merchants merit your support, they are the mainstay of the community, and when you buy of Home Merchants, you are buying of those who advertise.

## FOR SALE!

### A FARM of 280 Acres

Situated Four and one-half miles from Bardstown

Contains good TOBACCO LAND, has eighty acres in grass and fifteen acres of good blue grass woods, also a young orchard. 50 acres of bottom land. A bargain at \$50 an acre.

For further information apply at this office.

## MR. BRYAN'S PLANS

In response to repeated demands, coming from every section of the United States, Mr. Bryan will conduct a vigorous Campaign of Education through The Commoner, and assist in the organization of “An educational club in every precinct. These clubs will promote the work of education among the voters on all political questions affecting the American people.

To advance this educational plan, each issue of The Commoner will contain a special article on some pertinent political subject, designed to present, in an instructive way, authentic historical information, to give valuable statistical data, to carefully analyze the opposing arguments, and to discuss their application to present-day conditions.

The following subjects, and others, upon which all Americans should be accurately informed, will be discussed:

**FREE BOOKS FOR EVERYONE**  
The Commoner, to start this campaign of education, and to place this series of articles in the hands of as many voters as possible, will give FREE, express prepaid anywhere in the United States, the following splendid books:

**The Life and Works of Abraham Lincoln**—Six volumes, 2,000 pages, bound in red cloth, gold back stamp. Introductions and special articles by Theodore Roosevelt, President Taft, Governor Hughes, Henry Watterson and others. Full biography, anecdotes, tributes, early speeches, famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, in full, later speeches and important addresses, all presidential speeches and state papers. This fine set neatly packed in box sent FREE and express prepaid to anyone sending 10 yearly subscriptions at the regular yearly subscription rate of \$1 each.

**The Old World and Its Ways**—Mr. Bryan has been tracing his tour around the world and journeys through Europe. His impressions are highly instructive and entertaining. Contains 576 Imperial Octavo pages, over 200 superb engravings from photographs taken or procured by him. Richly bound in extra English cloth, gold side and back.

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## A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE

By A. G. GREENWOOD

The Senior Subaltern, having drained his glass and flicked the burnt end of a cigarette into the grate, delivered himself of a dictum.

"A flirtation with an actress," he observed, "is the apotheosis of youth."

I knew the signs. So I yawned and stretched myself on his sofa.

"Go on," I said.

The Senior Subaltern tried to look injured and innocent.

"Get it over," I remarked, unkindly.

"'Twas an awful shock," he said, packing a pipe, "but it's come to look back on. I was home from India on long leave, and hadn't much to do."

"The old saw—idle hands," I groaned. "Why didn't you go to Hythe and improve your musketry-mind?"

"I never was ambitious," said he, shaking his head. "Besides, she lived in London. She was as scrupulous as they make 'em."

"They always are, and always will be," I grunted. "Auburn hair—"

"Tush!" ejaculated the Senior Subaltern. "Her hair was as golden as a field of ripe barley. She came of theatrical stock—"

"And so had theatrical interest?" I interpolated, chuckling.

The Senior Subaltern swore at me, but ignored my attempt. "She was going on the stage. She had been on tour, I believe—some small part—but she wanted to get a bigger one. She had a little fling."

"They always do," I put in.

"In West Kensington—"

"They always are," said I, wagging my head.

The Senior Subaltern flung the King's Regulations at me, so I subsided.

"It was all pink—"

"They all—" I began, and stopped as he lifted the syphon.

"The coloring suited her down to the ground," he went on, utilizing the syphon and tantalus. "She used to look absolutely ripping. I was always there. But she was always talking of some fellow—one Sheddin, I fancy his name was. Pins, she used to call him. It was Pins, this, and Pins, that, till I grew to hate the sound of the fellow's taily. At last Pins turned up. He had buried himself in a cottage at Brockenhurst, and after much tribulation had evolved a play."

"Then it was that Marie—that was her name, you know—"

"I didn't know, but get on."

"Marie—Marie. Well, it was like this," he burst out, changing his intention: "We were sitting in the—"

"Pink. Go on."

"And Marie changed her seat. I was on the sofa, and she came and sat beside me."

"I am worried," she began.

"Of course I captured her hand. Tell me all about it dear," I said.

"I want my chance," she cried, feverishly. "I'm waiting, and it seems so long! I only want a chance, and I'd get on then. I know I should—"

"But what can I do?" I queried.

"Your cousin," she murmured.

"Old Bob?" I exclaimed. Bob Gwinnett, my cousin, explained the Senior Subaltern for my edification; "manager at the Terpelchorean—"

"Yes," she faltered, biting her lips, nervously. "If—if only he'd help—"

"What could he do?" I inquired.

"Read Pins' play," she cried, desperately.

"Oh, lor!" I ejaculated, knowing his aversion.

"It's so good," she went on, enthusiastically, "and there's a part written expressly for me—"

"Then," stammered the Senior Subaltern, in some confusion, "she—she took my other hand, and her great blue eyes— Well, hang it, man!"

"I'm not protesting," I said. "St. Anthony fell."

"Yes," he agreed; "I asked Bob as a special favor. Bob read the play, liked it, sent for Pins. Pins told him of Marie. Marie went up and saw him. But Bob was firm. Marie should play the lead on tour—not in London; she hadn't enough experience. They cast Miss Lesson for the West End production."

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"What," stammered the Senior Subaltern, in some confusion, "she—she took my other hand, and her great blue eyes— Well, hang it, man!"

"I'm half glad, though. I'd be jealous. I don't want anyone else to see you but me—"

"Suddenly she looked at me, her hands going to her lips."

"Then—you—you—"

"Her eyes held that far-away look that novelists prate of. I seemed to go mad. I always do," confessed the Senior Subaltern, "when a girl looks sad and forlorn, and all that. So I sat down beside her—"

"And took her hand," I suggested.

"Shut up!" he roared. "Well—well—I did. What else can a fellow do? Then I saw tears in her eyes."

"Little Marie! I murmured, 'tell me what's up—tell me the trouble. I want to help you—'"

"Why?" she asked me, unexpectedly.

"Don't you know?" I whispered. "Because—because—I'm deuced fond of you, and all that."

"I was, too," declared the Senior Subaltern firmly. "Infernal fond."

"Do—do you mean you—"

"Love you? I concluded for her. I do mean it, but I—I'm a coward. I haven't dared tell you. I've hoped—what lover hasn't? But you're so peerless, and I'm nothing. But I'm taking heart. Your eyes are making me hope. May I hope, Marie?"

"I don't understand," she whispered, though what there was complex in what I had said I couldn't guess.

"I want you to marry me," I said.

"Suddenly she started up. 'I've feared it!' she cried, her lips trembling, and her eyes filling with tears. 'Oh, I've feared it so long! A good man's love! A good—man's—love! For you are a good man; honest, true, kind. The honor you've done—me, me! And if I could be happy, too, I want your arms—the comfort, the strength of them. I want your smile and your touch and your gray eyes! I want you; I thirst for you—'"

"She said a good deal more," said the Senior Subaltern, "which I don't remember, while I sat amazed. Then I stood up, and caught her in my arms."

"Don't touch me!" she whispered hoarsely. "Your arms burn me! They hurt—they lacerate—"

"She told me an awful story: How she had been married at 17; how he drank; how he beat her; how at last she escaped. 'You know,' said he, 'she made me shiver—all my back. Emotion, you know, old chap!'"

"Well, of course, marriage couldn't be. But I swore to be her friend, and I swore I'd give her husband a good kicking if he ever molested her again."

"Then I went. That evening I sat in a box and watched the curtain go up on Pins' play. At the very beginning I was startled for, instead of Miss Lesson as the leading lady, on came Marie! My ejaculation elicited an explanation from the fellow I sat next to. Miss Lesson had had an accident, and Marie, overnight, had been told she'd have to play."

"Poor little devil," whispered my informant; "she's had no time—no rehearsals. You see—"

"She's doing awfully well," said I, wondering why she hadn't told me.

"You wait," he advised me. "It's the big scene at the end where she'll come to grief."

"I waited. The help had proposed. Suddenly Marie started up. 'I've feared it!' she cried. 'I've feared it so long—'"

"I watched the scene transpire. Then, as she whispered: 'Don't touch me! Your arms burn me!' I slipped away."

"I went back to Scotland that night," said the Senior Subaltern, laughing.

"What a little beast!" I ejaculated viciously.

"She wanted rehearsals, and—and I was handy. I've forgiven her," said he magnanimously. "I'm deeply thankful to have got out of an indiscretion so easily. 'Needles and pins,' you know! I'm glad I didn't marry her. Jove! Needles! Yes, she was a bit sharp; and certainly she married Pins."

"WARSHIPS USED AS CHURCHES."

British Admiralty Responsible for Sensible Innovation.

Marriages in the navy will be facilitated by the act which came into force with the new year, constituting a warship a church or chapel for the purpose of publication of banns.

The admiralty issued a circular to commanding officers calling attention to the act and to an order by the king in council sanctioning rules for the carrying out of the act.

Hitherto any officer or man in the navy has been compelled to have the banns published in the ordinary way ashore, after qualifying by residence, and this has frequently caused much inconvenience. In future the ship may be regarded as a church, as well as the man's place of abode, whether the ship is at home or abroad.

All that is necessary is that the man shall give notice to the commanding officer of his desire to have the banns published. The banns will then be read out by the chaplain or commanding officer on three successive Sundays at morning service, and a certificate of publication will be issued to the man. The new act will render it possible for a commanding officer, who has no chaplain aboard, to publish the banns of his own marriage if he desires to do so.—London Express.

Unreasonable.

"My husband is so very unreasonable."

"Most husbands are. What did yours do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he pretended to suppose that I robbed him at night—and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there."

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HAVE you thought of your Stock Advertising for this year? It's about time isn't it? Of course you will want nice, attractive printed matter—the kind that will bring you business. We are prepared to do the work in a Satisfactory manner. Give us a call.

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## L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

### Incoming Trains.

	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:30 p. m.	7:05 p. m.
Arrives at Bardtown.....	7:30 " "	11:30 a. m.	6:06 " "
Arrives at Bardtown Junction.....	6:45 " "	9:25 " "	5:22 " "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00 " "	8:20 " "	4:30 " "

### Outgoing Trains.

	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:50 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardtown Junction.....	6:37 " "	8:00 " "	2:20 " "
Leaves Bardtown Junction.....	7:20 " "	8:45 " "	3:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville.....	8:10 " "	9:35 " "	5:45 p. m.

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# Chestnut Dare!

No. 3290. FOALLED 1900.

This horse again showed his superiority over other Stallions in his own class and in sweepstakes classes, defeating all the prominent Stallions in the adjoining counties. One of his winnings was the \$100 sweepstake, defeating eight entries of first-class horses. He and his colts also won the herd ring. It is becoming stale to repeat, but not one of his colts of five seasons have ever been defeated by the colts of any horse owned or farmed in this county. Special rings of colts of other horses, claimed by some to be the best in the State, have been shown, but not one of these has ever won a tie, blue or red. All familiar with his breeding know he has more high price colts already to his credit than any horse now in the county and yet a young horse. Chestnut Dare combines the blood of the Chester Dares and Chief families. He is sired by Chester Dare 10, 1st dam by Red Chief, 2nd dam by Black Hawk Chief, 3rd dam by Brinker's Drennon.

## \$20 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.

It seems from the notice in "Red Bird's" last advertisement that the showing qualities of Chestnut Dare, the showing qualities of his colts, the high prices realized by owners of mares for his offspring when young, are quite an eye-sore to the owner or owners of Red Bird. Perhaps Chestnut Dare, when he becomes of voting age, his usefulness about gone, his eyes bedimmed for years, he too may be the sire of one or two horses that sell for the reported price of four or five hundred dollars in some distant State. As it is, Chestnut Dare, barely in his prime, his colts all young, is remunerating the owners of mares, who have been and are still patronizing him.

# Noble Denmark

No. 2640

This handsome and handsomely bred colt will serve a limited number of mares at

## \$20 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.

He is sired by the great show horse and breeder, Highland Denmark; 1st dam a State Fair winner by the Championship saddle horse, Thornton Star; 2nd dam by the Show Stallion, Art Rose by Artist and out of a Montrose mare. This Stallion is not only well bred, but a fine individual, proving himself a winner last year as a two-year-old; also as a yearling. He has great action for a youngster, a good step and the making of a great saddle stallion. Considering the breeding qualities of both his sire and dam and his own finish and conformation, he is sure to rank among the best as a sire.

# Hackney Boy

Hackney Boy is a sorrel 16 hands high, a horse of good conformation, large flat bone and one of the Hackney type. He is four years old and his first colts are all good. He is sired by "Old County Member, 1st dam by Von Moltke, 2nd dam by Varick. He will make the season

## \$10 to insure a living colt

I again thank the Breeders for their patronage and ask for a continuance of same in this and adjoining counties.

## Mares Pastured at \$1.50 a Month.

Mares, bred to either Stallions or Jacks, when traded off or parted with, the season is positively due and must be settled.

# B. B. Leachman

R. F. D. No. 3 Springfield, Ky.

## TEXAS.

Born, to the wife of Mr. Will Ewing, on April 22, a boy.

Master Fulton Wilham is very ill at this writing.

The Maccabees of Texas tent gave a supper here Tuesday night. All report a nice time.

Mrs. Piles, of Simmstown, visited Mrs. J. A. Thompson one day last week.

The wind storm of last Thursday night did much damage at and around Texas.

Miss Fay Cocanougher is confined to her room with pneumonia.

Miss Willie Adkinson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dan West, of Springfield.

Miss Maggie Arnold is the guest of her uncle, Mr. Morgan Arnold, of Boyle county, this week.

Mr. T. Begley and wife spent Sunday with the latter's brother, Mr. Sam Mayes, in Boyle county.

Mr. W. R. Cocanougher was in Harrodsburg Tuesday.

Rev. Hatchett and wife, of Tatham Springs, visited his brother, Dr. A. Y. Hatchett, of this place Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie Elliott is very ill at the home of her father, Mr. Lee Lawrence.

Mr. John J. Claybroke spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents.

Miss Nannie Head, of Springfield, is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Emily Powers.

Mr. Sam Hays is very ill at the home of his uncle, Mr. T. A. Hays.

Miss Marie Arnold spent part of last week with Miss Mattie Kimberlin, of Jensonon.

Mrs. and Mrs. Wm. Lee have moved into the house with Mr. T. I. Purdon and children.

Master Willie Rowe was the guest of relatives at Mackville last week.

Miss Maude Kimberlin, of Parkville, is the guest of Mrs. W. D. Purdon.

Mrs. Clay Brady visited relatives in Lebanon Tuesday.

## Kills Her Foe of 20 Years.

"The most merciless enemy I had for 20 years," declares Mrs. James Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., "was Dyspepsia. I suffered intensely after eating or drinking and could scarcely sleep. After many doctors had failed and several doctors gave me up. I tried Electric Bitters, which cured me completely. Now I can eat anything. I am 70 years old and am overjoyed to get my health and strength back again." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Kidney Trouble, Lame Back, Female Complaints, it's unequalled. Only \$5c at Hayden & Robertson's.

## FENWICK.

Mrs. T. J. Nally, of Bardstown, visited here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAllister attended church at Springfield Sunday.

Misses Pearl and Sadie Fenwick had as their guest last Wednesday, Miss Litsay, of Pleasant Grove.

Mr. Shanon Thompson was the guest of Mr. Ed James Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Milton were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stump of Canary last Sunday.

Mr. Stanley Rogers spent Saturday night with Oscar Lanham.

Mr. Wallace Adams of this place and Miss Susan Fenwick of Canary left Saturday for Indianapolis to visit friends and relatives.

Several from here attended the school entertainment at Mackville Wednesday night.

Mr. Robt. Shewmaker and family visited at Stillburg last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barker and little son Mayes of Canary were the guests of Mr. Dee Shewmaker, wife and daughter, Bertie, spent Monday with R. E. Shewmaker and family.

Those who were invited to attend the fishing party given by the Misses Haydon of Canary were very much disappointed to see the snow storm.

Mrs. John Shewmaker and son, Rufus spent Friday night with R. E. Shewmaker and family.

## Hogwallow News.

(From Hogwallow Kentuckian.)

Jefferson Potlocks is preparing to raise a lot of horse radish for his horses.

There should be a law against a fellow courting a girl for twelve or fifteen years, and then marrying somebody else.

Getting religion at every protracted meeting and going on every excursion, is a weakness popular with a multitude.

Several women of Hogwallow were noticed lined up the fence Sunday to watch Miss Hostetter Hocks pass with her new coat.

Poke Easley's eyes are getting bad, and he has decided to move his house up closer to the road so that he can get a better look at the strangers who pass.

Luke Mathews fell into the hogpen last evening while feeding the pigs. His wife was the first to discover the accident and at once turned the hogs out leaving Luke there to sober up.

The Dog Hill preacher is doing better

every Sunday now and should be encouraged. Last Sunday he delivered a strong sermon and during his remarks broke both of his shoe strings.

Poke Easley was hauled in this morning in an ox-wagon done up in bandages, and is now under the care of the assistant coroner. Poke engaged a fellow in a fight near Rye Straw Monday and later got into an argument with him as to who got the worst of the fight. The bystanders it seems took sides with Poke as they hauled him home while the other fellow had to walk.

During a very enthusiastic game of cards near the Gander creek grave yard Friday some one fired on the party from ambush, and one of the bullets passed through a fine hand held by Raz Barlow and lodged in a sycamore tree on Gimlet creek. The deputy constable, who is an expert at tracing stray bullets, stationed himself at the point where the ball stopped, and he fired in the direction it had come from. The ball passed back through the card game, sped on through the woods and finally dropped to the ground behind a bush. It was then found that the bullet dropped into a shoe track, which was identified as having been made by Atlas Peck. He was chased four miles with daws and owing to the hot weather broke down and confessed.

## MAUD.

As our Valley Hill correspondent said he would like to hear from all other correspondents I will write down the happenings around our town.

The farmers are all getting along nicely with their work. Some have tobacco plants almost large enough to set out. Very little corn has been planted on account of the recent rains and cut worms.

Messrs. J. M. Montgomery and Clayton Welford were in the Mt. Zion neighborhood Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Will Shehan and daughter, Miss Laura, and Mrs. Jennie Barlow, of Springfield, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Mary Shehan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Virgin, Mrs. Neal Bodine and Mrs. Chas. Lewis spent last Thursday in Springfield.

Mrs. Ham Shewmaker and Miss Ella Merritt spent Thursday with Mrs. Kate Shewmaker.

Mrs. Shannon Cloyd has returned to her home at Harrodsburg, after spending several days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield.

Mrs. Otis Settles and son, J. C., and Miss Mattie Yates spent Sunday with their parents.

Mr. Ham Pile and family, of Mooresville, have moved to their new home on the Booker place.

Mr. Lewis Kirsch, Jr., of Nelson county, was in town Saturday afternoon.

Miss Maggie Montgomery, of this place, spent from Friday until Sunday with Mrs. Ham Pile.

Mrs. Ora Crume and son, Dorchester, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Josie Shehan.

Mrs. Hal Shehan and daughter, Miss Mabel, spent Thursday with Mrs. Chas. McElroy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Virgin, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Bodine spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Shehan.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Dodson and children, of Stringtown, spent Sunday with her parents at this place.

Little Catherine Pile and Miss Josie Shehan are on the sick list.

Born, to the wife of James Oeder, of Born Booker, on the 19, a boy.

Mrs. Edward Pile was in Springfield last Saturday.

Miss Zelma Oeder, of near Willisburg, is spending several weeks with her uncle, Jim Oeder.

Miss Bessie Gray spent one night last week with Miss Mattie Yates.

## Do It Now.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do so by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Nine cases out of ten are simply muscular rheumatism due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, and yield to the vigorous application of this liniment. Try it. You are certain to be delighted with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by The Leo Haydon Drug Co.

## Death of Mr. Ray Hahn.

Mr. Ray Hahn, died at the home of his uncle, Mr. D. P. Casteel, on April 28, 1909, of consumption. He was buried at Fairview cemetery on Thursday. Deceased was about 30 years of age and leaves two brothers, and a number of relatives, besides a host of friends to mourn his death.

A loved one from us has gone, A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home, Which never can be filled.

—A Cousin.

## Young Girls Are Victims

of headache, as well as older women, but all get quick relief and prompt cure from Dr. King's New Life Pills, the world's best remedy for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood, and strong nerves and build up your health. Try them. 25c at Hayden & Robertson's.

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## Song of the Spout.

A rainy night in a city street, Where mist and shadows and memories meet; A downpour carrying the drizzling tide From under the guttered eaves and wide;

A dripping, dripping, steady thud That put a spell within the blood— A dreary, drowsy, noddle feeling Along your spinal column stealing: And so the spout sings on and on Until the last drip-drop is gone.

The rainspout's song along the way, Ah, how it leads to yesterday, And how it carries life far back Along the golden memory track To little towns and little places Where country charm and country

Made the mere living moments seem A morning in a world of dream: Sing, rainspout at in the city street, Where shades of fleeting memories meet!

A drip, drip, drip—and so it falls, And through its liquid cadence calls The higher, holier voice of life That sings the spirit out of strife, That sings the heart of a twilight song Of peace amid the hurrying throng Which all unwitting waits to say: "How sweet the rainspout's minstrelsy!"

How sweet, how sweet, how sweet, indeed, That music stills our daily greed!

A solemn, muffled, drowsy, lone, Far-off, drip-dripping monotone: A little trickling stream—and then The city lights the throngs of men The roaring wheels of trade and traffic Stilled in the memories seraphic of rainbarred days of boyhood glees, With shingle ships on rainbarred seas; Drip, drip, drip—and oh, send divine, Sung through the mists where street lamps shine!

A drizzling, soft, old springtime rain Pitter-patter on the window pane The spout's gurgle—let it sing Of youth's lost hour of bloomy wing, Of old times gone and dear shades there, And the heart of the air, And boyhood, wading bare of feet Where the wilder shower still floods the street;

The rainspout's song, the drizzling stream— Peace, and the quiet spell of dream! —Baltimore Sun.

## HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mr. Sabo Coulter and family and Miss Effie Coulter died at the home of Mr. Emanuel Coulter Sunday.

Mrs. Bellzona Hanby and two sons returned home Saturday after a week's stay with her daughter, Mrs. Johnnie Mattingly.

Those who dined at the home of Mr. John Armstrong Sunday were Mr. L. M. Clark and wife, Mrs. Erastus Perkins, Mrs. Martha Snider and daughter, Effie.

Several from this place attended the funeral of Mr. Zay Hahn last Thursday.

Messrs. Erastus Shields and Tom Settles were in Willisburg Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Etha Coulter and Mrs. Sarah Hines and little daughter, M. E., were in Springfield Thursday.

Messrs. Willie and Graydon Clark spent Sunday with Mr. Ernest Shields.

Mrs. Sarah Hines and little daughter are spending several weeks with her father, Mr. J. N. Shields and family.

Messrs. Solomon Kays and Sabo Coulter were in Willisburg Saturday on business.

Mr. Steve Scott spent last week with his sister, Mrs. John Crow, at this place.

Mr. Wes Biley spent Sunday with Mr. Ernest Shewmaker.

Mr. Erastus Perkins and wife spent Tuesday night with Mr. John Armstrong and family.

(Part of the above correspondence is omitted on account of the devil peeing some of the type just as we were going to press.—Ed.)

## Kentucky Fair Dates.

The following are the dates fixed for holding the Kentucky Fairs for 1909 as far as reported:

Stanford, July 31—3 days.

Henderson, July 27—5 days.

Georgetown, July 27—5 days.

Madisonville, August 3—5 days.

Winchester, August 3—4 days.

Blue Grass Fair, Lexington, August 9—6 days.

Taylorville, August 10—4 days.

Uniontown, August 10—5 days.

Harrodsburg, August 12—3 days.

Leitchfield, August 11—4 days.

Bardonia, August 12—3 days.

Brodhead, August 18—3 days.

Shepherdsville, August 18—3 days.

Ewing, August 19—3 days.

Shelbyville, August 24—5 days.

Springfield, August 25—4 days.

London, August 25—4 days.

Florence, August 25—4 days.

Frankfort, August 31—4 days.

Hardinsburg, August 31—3 days.

Tompkinsville, September 1—5 days.

Fort Creek, September 1—5 days.

Bardonia, September 1—4 days.

Hodgenville, September 7—3 days.

Monticello, September 7—4 days.

Glasgow, September 8—4 days.

Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, September 13—6 days.

Scottsville, September 16—3 days.

Bedford, October 1—2 days.

# Notice!

To Stockmen of Washington and adjoining counties.

## Red Bird Stock Farm

(or better known as the Jim McElroy farm) one-half mile from Fair Ground on Bardstown pike.

## RED BIRD

The great Saddle Horse, as great a breeder in the State. Will be limited to 25 mares, positively no more under any circumstances. All having good mares and want to breed to Red Bird book them at once. We are going to stand him at \$30. You may think that high, but it is not, because you who have good mares stand so much better chance; that will do away with common mares.

PEDIGREE:—Sired by Cabell's Joe Brown, 1955; he by Cabell's Lexington, first sire; first dam Lizzie Griffin, by Bailey Dexter, he by Cabell's Lexington, first sire; second dam Dollie C., by Elastic horse.

Mr. Pemberton, of Elizabethtown, the best saddle horse judge in the state, told me last fall that Red Bird was the best breeder in his knowledge, and he would soon have a colt by him as Bourbon King that stood at \$60 last year and perhaps at \$75 this season. Why gentlemen think of it, the great blood and what a reputation he has; that is worth \$30. Red Bird has the highest price colts to sell from the tit than any horse I can mention; prices ranging from \$100 to \$212.

## NOTICE!

Another horse and his colts won the Herd Ring last year. Why? Because there was nothing else to compete with them! Not a one of his colts have been better for five years, but he should have, by this time, some show horses or high-priced horses to his credit in five years. Have you heard of any of his colts selling for \$200 from the tit or from \$400 to \$1,500 at three or four years old. No! But Red Bird has; Yes! a number of them.

## MOKO PEARL 40394

(BY MOKO)

The great Trotting Horse, has a mark of 2:28 1/2 and has been a mile in 2:18, a beautiful bay, 2 white feet behind and a star. He is 16 hands high.

1 dam Little Pearl.....by Hinder Thomas 40393

Dam of one trial 2:20 Little Pearl.....2:21

2 dam Isoline.....by Plumstone 3269

Dam of Little Pearl.....2:21 5 in.....2:30

3 dam Alice Loraine by Homer 1235 dam of 1 in.....2:30

Sire of dams of 17 in.....2:30

4 dam Pckaninny.....by Limestone Son of War Dance

5 dam Gentle Annie.....by Imp. Knight of St. George.

## SEASON \$20.

**Bouncing Canought 15212**

Imported English Hackney, a beautiful chestnut sorrel, 3 white feet and a ship, as fine an actor as your ever looked upon; goes high and fast. Be sure to see him, he is a great horse.

PEDIGREE:—Sired by Mary Canought, 7552; dam 6416, Bonnie Clara, by Canought 1453.

## SEASON TWENTY DOLLARS

**NELSON II**

Imported German Coach, 16 hands high; weighs about 1400 pounds, with good action and steps good. Just the kind for farm mares and mule mares.

PEDIGREE:—Nelson II was bred in Germany by O. V. Altmann, and was foaled in 1900. He was imported to this country by Oltmann Bros., of Watake 11, and is registered in the German, Hanoverian and Oldenburg Cattle Horse Stud Book of America. He was sired by General No. 971 and his first dam was Otto 11, 882.

## SEASON FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

**BILL GOEBEL**

The Great Mule Jack. He needs no explanation, because you all know him and his name as being a breeder of half sorrel mules; best color on earth; several of his colts last fall selling from \$115 to \$150. A 2 year old selling at Thurman's sale for \$297.50.

**STONEWALL**

We having bought half interest in Stonewall, or better known as Shelby Tuck, it is needless for me to try to tell you anything about him, for you know him as well as I do. You have heard of the